



Concussion



41 1 3

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

~Based On True Events~

I clutched my head. A loud, high-pitched noise filled my ears. People were moving around me. Everything was blurry, except for that cricket. I closed my eyes, I couldn't open them again. I heard voices. Then, everything was silent.

I was suddenly in the school's health office. A large 'HMS HUSKIES!' poster was on the wall. I tried to get up from the bed, but I couldn't. I saw Nathan in a wheel chair. Huh. I lied down saw a mirror on the ceiling. I saw my short cut hair, about jaw-line, a little longer, dirty blonde hair, hazel-blue eyes, and freckle covered face staring back at me, blurred. I looked over at Nathan, tan, short-cropped black hair, dark-brown eyes, not moving, I went back to the mirror. Oh, boy.

Chapter 2 by Megan Crawford



I looked around helplessly and called for someone. Anyone. But no one came. I realized that Nathan and I were the only ones there. It kind of looked like an abandoned house or something. Just Creepy.

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There was a sudden pain, and everything blurred. I looked at Nathan and crawled towards him. We had been best friends since Middle School, though I always liked him more than that, but I needed to see if he was OK.

I finally got to him, and saw a pink, glittery high heel block my way. "Oh, great." I muttered, and looked up to see a bleary image of a 17 year old, with blonde hair, blue highlights, and that stupid miniskirt. "Hey Hannah!" I said with false cheer, and she smiled at me. That stupid smile. "Hows my Nathan doing?" she asked, in a voice that had won her 6 talent shows and every play for the past 8 years. I looked at him and opened one of his eyes, revealing a stationary, gorgeous sea blue eye. "Well, good. I'll help him." I lied, and sat put, ignoring the pain behind my eyes.

"That was some storm! You and Nathan were the only ones who stayed." She said, squinting at me. "You better not have broken my Nathy-Wathy." she said, and turned her heel, leaving.

I rolled my eyes and checked my backpack. I found a water bottle, and poured it on his face. He twitched a little, and opened his eyes. "Where am I? Who are you?" he groaned. "Ok, I'm not the one with amnesia..." I groaned, and sat him up in a sitting position. "You are Nathan, and I am Ivy. We're--" "Wait are we dating?" he asked, and I grinned, looking at him, and I could feel myself warming up to the idea.

I frowned, and shook my head. Hannah might be a pain, but she DOES love him. "No, we're best friends though." I said, and he nodded. "Where are we?" he asked. "School" I said, and stood up. Everything went super bright, and I groaned again.

"There's a TV in the office, I'm going to see the weather." I said, pulling him up, blushing slightly. I went one door to the left, and turned on the TV. "--The worst storm in history! And folks, the schools got the worst of it." a newsman said, and showed a shot of a wrecked school--our school. Nathan looked at me, and I noticed his head had some blood dripping down, and he was pretty banged up. I led him to the nurses office and fixed him the best I could have..

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